

SCOVING

for Paper-Persecutors,

OR

Papers Complaints, compil'd in ruthfull Rhimes,  
Against the Paper-Spylers of these Times,

By I. D.

WITH

A continu'd iust Inquisition  
Of the same subject, fit for this season.

Against PAPER-PERSECUTORS.

By A. H.



O couldst Thou whip these Beelzebubs till they bleed  
Thou whippst in vaine: muche whipp anon indeed.

Printed in London for J. H. and G. G. and are to be sold at the  
Stationers Hall in London 1675

# for Paper-Persecutors

Paper's Complaint, compiled in a useful Form  
Against the Paper-Boys of the Times

By

With

A continued list of Indignities

Of the same Subject, for the person

Against Paper-Persecutors

By



Printed at London for W. M. and O. G. and are to be sold at the  
British Museum Depot in Paper Street, No. 10

# A SCOURGE

for Paper-Persecutors,  
OR

*Papers Complaint, compil'd in ruthfull Rimes,  
Against the Paper-spoilers of these Times.*

by I. D.

WITH  
A CONTINUED INQUISITION  
against *Paper-Persecutors,*  
By A. H.

Printed at London for H. H. and G. G. and are to be sold at the  
*Flower Deuces in Popes-head Alley. 1624.*



# A SCORGE

for Paper-Persecutors

OR

Paper's Complaint, compiled in useful Primer,  
Against the Paper-Persecutors of both Kingdoms.

by J. D.

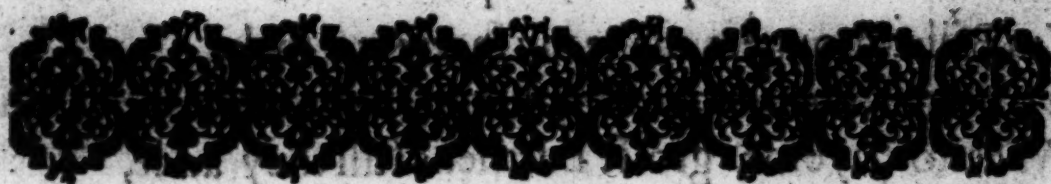
With

A CONTINUATION

Against







A  
Scourge for Paper-Persecutors,

Or  
Paper's Complaint compil'd in rithfull Rimes,  
Against the Paper-spylers of these Times.

W<sup>H</sup>at heart so hard, that splits not when it heares,  
What ruthlesse Martyrdome my Body beares  
By rude Barbarians of these latter Times,  
Blotting my spotlesse Brest with Prose and Rimes,  
That Impudence, it selfe, would blush to beare;  
It is such shamelesse Stuffe and like some Geare;  
Though I (immaculate) be white as Snow,  
(Which Virgin Hue mine innocence doth shew)  
Yet these remorselesse Monsters on me piles  
A massie heape of blackish senselesse Stiles;  
That I ne wot (God wot) which of the twaine  
Doe most torment me, heavy Shame, or Paine.  
No lesse than my whole Reames will some suffize,  
With mad-braine stuffe o're them to tyrannize.

## Papers Complaint.

Yea Ballet-mongers make my sheetes to shake,  
To beare Rimes doggett making Dogs perbrake,  
Whereto (ay me) grosse Burthens still they adde,  
And to that put againe, light Notes and sad :  
O Man in desperation, what a dewce  
Meanst thou such filth in my white face to *sluce*?

One raies me with courserimes, and Chips them call,  
Offals of wir, a fire burne them all.

And then to make the milcheife more compleate,

He blotts my Brow with verle as blacke as Icat,

Whercin he shewes where *Lindor* hath her Soire,

And how her Horse-high Market House is pight,

Yet not so satisfied, but on he goes,

And where one *Barris* meane house stands, he shewes.

An other comes with *Win*, too costlye then,

Making a Glister-pipe of his rare pen :

And through the same he all my brest becackes,

And turnes me so, to nothing but *Aiax*.

Yet *Aiax* (I confesse) was too supreme

For Subiect of my his viroyall *Reame*,

Exposed to the rancor of the rude,

And wasted by the witlesse Multitude.

He so adorned me, that I shall ne're

More right, for kinde, than in his Robes appeare.

Whose

Whose Lines shall circumscribe vncompast Times,  
And, past the wheeling of the Spheares, his Rimes  
Shall runne (as right) to immortality,  
And praised (as proper) of posterity.  
Yet sith his wit was then with Will annoyd,  
And I enforct to beare what wit did void,  
I cannot choose but say as I haue said,  
His wit (made loose) defiled mee his maide.

Another (ah Lord helpe) mee vilifies  
With Art of Loue, and how to subtilize,  
Making lewd *Venus*, with eternall Lines,  
To tye *Adonis* to her loues designs:  
Fine wit is shew'n therein: but finer 'twere  
If not attired in such bawdy Gear.  
But be it as it will: the coyest Dames,  
In priuate reade it for their Closser-games:  
For, sooth to say, the Lines so draw them on,  
To the venerican speculation,  
That will they, nill they (if of flesh they bee)  
They will think of it, sith loose Thought is free.

And thou (O Poet) that dost pen my Plaint,  
Thou art not scot-free from my iust complaint,  
For, thou hast plaid thy part, with thy rude Pen,  
To make vs both ridiculous to men.

But



## Rape Complaint

But O my Soule is yet to think how euill  
 I was abus'd to beare flutes to the Deuill.  
 Pierse-Pennilessse (a Rierat such a patch)  
 Made me (aye me) that businesse once dispatch.  
 And hauing made me vndergoe the same,  
 Abuse me further in the Deuills name:  
 And made Dildo (dampned Dildo) beare,  
 Till good-mens hate did me in peeces tear.  
 O they were mercifull therein (God knowes)  
 It's ruth to rid condemned ones from woes.  
 How many Quires (can any Stationer sell)  
 Were bandied then, twixt him and Gabriel?  
 Who brutishly my beauty so did blot  
 With Gaulie girds by penne pumps from shooke pot.  
 That I more vgly than a 8 daye found  
 Nay, for an hellish Mouster was esteem'd.  
 Fiue grotes (good Lord!) why what a rate was that,  
 For one meere rayling Pamphlet to be at.  
 Well, God forgive them both, they did me wrong.  
 To make me beare their chollic spide, so long.  
 Yet if, in Iudgement, I should spend my breath,  
 The Doctor foild him with his Dagger-breath.  
 The Cotiny-catcher now plaies least in sight,  
 That wonted was on me to shew that flight.

And

*And of next piece the Leases misplac'd.*

*Papers Complaint.*

85

And made more hauock of my Reames and Quires,  
Than all the neckes are worth of such scald Squires.  
No Tearme could scape him, but he scraped me  
With Pens that spirtled mee with villany :  
And made me ope a gap, vnto each Gap,  
That leades to shame, to sorrow, and mishap.  
But let him goe, he long since dead hath bene,  
In body dead, but yet his name is *Greene*.

What should I speake of infant-*Rimers* now,  
That ply their Pens as Plow-men do their Plow :  
And pester Postes with Titles of new bookes ?  
For, none but blockes such wooden Titles brookes.  
Ay me, how ill-bested am I the while,  
To see, how at my carriage, Carters smile :  
And yet such Rascall-writers finde a Presse,  
(A mischiefe ont ) to make me to confesse  
I was in fault, for that I did not finde  
A way to flie from such Gulls with the wind.

Then to recount the volumes hugely written,  
Where I lye soild as I were all be- ( )  
*Ajax*, I le stand too, did beseme me better,  
For all's vnsweete Senice, Sentence, Line and Letter.  
The Sonnes of *Aymon*, *Beuis*, *Gawen*, *Guy*,  
*Arthur*, the worthy, writ vnworthily;

B

Mirroure

*Papers Complaint.*

Mirroure of Knighthood, with a number such,  
I might spend time (past time) them all to touch.

And though I grieve, yet cannot choose but smile  
To see some moderne Poets seed my soile  
With mighty words that yeeld a monstrous Crop,  
Which they doe spur-gald in a false-gallop,

*Embellish,\* Blandishment and Equipage*

Such Furies flie from their Muse holy rage.

And if (perchance) one hit on *Surquedry*,

O he writes rarely in sweet Poetrie!

But, he that (*point-blank*) hits *Enveloped*,

He (Lord receive his Soule) strikes *Poetry* dead.

O *Poetry*! that now (as stands thy case)

Art the head *game*; and yet art out an *Ace*:

An *Ace*? nay two; (for on thee *Fortune* frownes)

That's out of Credit quite, and out of Crownes.

Thou art a worke of darknesse, that dost damne

Thy Soule (all *Satire*) in an *Epigram*.

Thou art, in this worlds reckoning, such a Botch

As kills the *Englisb* quite, how ere the *Scotch*

Escape the mortall mischief: but, indeed,

Their *Stars* are better; so, they better speed.

Yet *Poetry* be blissh, hold yp thy head,

And liue by *Aire* till Earthly *Lumpes* be dead.

\* These words are  
good: but ill used:  
in ouer-much use  
summing of wis-  
tisse affectation.



## Papers Complaint.

7

But, if *Aire* fat not, as through thee it passes,  
Liue vpon *Sentences* gainst golden *Asses*.

Some burden me, sith I oppresse the *Stage*,  
With all the grosse *Abuses* of this *Age*,

And presse me after, that the world may see  
( As in a soiled *Glasse* ) her selfe in me :

Where each man *in*, and out of *s* humour pries  
Vpon himselfe ; and laughs vntill he cries.

*Vntrussing* humerous *Poets*, and such *Stuffe*

( As might put plainest *Patience* in a *Ruffe* )

I shew men : so, they see in mee and *Elues*

Themselues scornd, & their *Scorners* scorne themselues.

O wondrous *Age* ! when *Phæbus* *Ympes* doe turne

Their *Armes* of Wit against themselues in scorne

Forlacke of better vse : alacke, alacke,

That Lacke should make them so their credits cracke !

Is want of *Wealth*, or Wit the cause thereof,

That they thus make themselues a publike scoffe ?

I wot not I, but yet I greatly feare,

It is not with them as I would it were :

I would it were ; then *Time* should nere report

That in these *Times*, Wit spoild himselfe in sport.

O poore *Apollos* Priests ( rich in reproch )

Ist not enough the base your blame should broch ?

*Papers Complaint.*

But you your selues ( vnhappy as ye are )  
 Must doo't, as if your diuine *fury* were  
 Turn'd into Hellish; to excruciate none  
 ( To glad your Scorners ) but your selues alone.  
 And make me beare, to my eternall shame,  
 Th'immortall *Records* of your *Rancors* Blame.  
 Can you teach men how they themselues should vse,  
 When you your selues your selues do so abuse?  
 Or sett this *Chaos* of confusion  
 ( The World ) in order by abusion?  
 Alas ye cannot: For, Men will dispise  
 The precepts of great Clarkes, if so unwise.  
 Then *Time* redeeme, and in time that amisse,  
 And I past-time will beare the blame of this.  
 For, pale-fac'd paper cannot blush a whit,  
 Though still it beare the greatest blame of *Wit*.  
 Yet, *Poets* loue I, sith they make me weare  
 ( What weares out *Time* ) my rich and gaudiest Geare.  
 Yea, those I loue that in too earnest Game  
 ( Or little spleene ) did me no little shame.  
 Sith I can witnesse to succeeding *Times*,  
 They oft haue me araid with royall *Rimes*,  
 That rauish *Readers* ( though they ) enuious bee,  
 Such sacred *Raptures* they haue put on me.

## Papers Complaint

9

Heere giue me leaue (kinde Reader) to digresse;  
To speake of their vnhappy happinesse,  
Who can put words into the mouthes of kings,  
That make them more than seeme Celestiall things.  
And can their deeds so fashion with their Pen,  
That, doing so, they should be Gods with men!  
Each Moode that moues the Minde, they so can moue,  
As doth the *Wit*, the *Will*, or *Beauty*, *Loue*.  
Yet, as they were accursed by the *Fates*,  
They can moue none to better their estates:  
Who do not onely hurt themselues alone,  
But *Fortune* (that still hurts them) do enthrone  
Among the *Senate* of those *Deities*  
That hisse (like *Geese*) at their kinde Gulleries.  
What bootes the *Braines* to haue a wit diuine,  
To make what ere it touch, in Glory shine?  
If (*Midas* like) it famisht be with store  
Of golden Morsels set the same before:  
And for an hunger-staruen Fee (alas)  
To make an *Idoll* of a *Golden Ase*.  
It's the worst way that wit can vse his trade,  
For Fee so light, with rich praise *Blocks* to lade.  
Yet will I not so wrong my selfe and you,  
To bid you quite your thriflesse Trade eschue.



*Papers Complaint.*

For, then, in time, I might want change (perchance)  
 Of *Robes*, that doe my glory most aduance.  
 No: write (kinde *Patrons*) but let *Patrons* such  
 Be prais'd as they deserue, a little much:  
 Because that little good in such is found,  
 That giue but little to be much renownd.  
 Yet write (deare *Gracers*, that doe make me faire)  
 And liue the while (Chamelion like) by ayre.  
 Your lines (like shadowes) set my *Beauty* forth,  
 Shadowing the life of *Art*, Wits dearest worth.  
 When you are gone (for, long you cannot stay,  
 Whose *Brains* your Pens picke out, to throw away)  
 I will remember you, and make you liue  
 A life (without worlds charge) which *Fame* doth giue:  
 For, should that life cost this *Age* more than breath,  
 It soone would gnaw your dearest *Fames* to death.  
 Mans life is but a dreame; Nay, lesse then so;  
 A *shadow of a Dreame*; that's scarce a show:  
 Then, in this Shadow, shadow out that Shade,  
 That may the world substantially perswade  
 You are halfe Gods, and more: To, cannot die  
 By reason of your Wits Diuinitie!

How am I plagu'd with pettifogging *Scribes*,  
 That load me with foule lies for *Fees* and *Bribes*.

And

## Papers Complaint.

11

And though wide Lines vpon my sheetes they put,  
Close knau'ry yet in those wide Lines they shut:  
Which there in *mystery* obscurely lies  
That those which see it need haue *Eagles eyes*.

So I a *Labyrinth* am made thereby  
Where men oft lose themselves vntill they die:  
Or else a Traitous trap, and suble Snare  
To crush rash fooles which runne in ynaware.

But that which most my soule excruciates,  
Some *Chroniclers* that write of Kingdomes States,  
Doe so absurdly fableize my White  
With *Masks* and *Enterhudes* by day and night;  
Balld *Maygames*, Beare-baytings, and poore *Orations*  
Made to some Prince by some poore *Corporations*:  
And if a *Brick-bat* from a *Chimney* falls  
When puffing *Boreas* nere so little bralls:  
Or else a Knaue be hangd by iustice doome  
For cutting of a Purse in selfe-same roome:  
Or wanton Rig, or letcher dissolute  
Doe stand at Pauls-Crosse in a Sheeten Sure;  
All these, and thousand such like royes as these  
They clap in *Chronicles* like *Butterflees*,  
Of which there is no vse; but sporteth me  
With Medley of their Motly Liucry.

And

*Papers Complaint.*

And so confound graue Matters of estate  
 With plaies of Poppets, and I wot not what:  
 Which make the Volume of her Greatnesse boist  
 To put the Buyer to a needlesse Cost.  
 Ah good Sir Thomas Moore, (Fame be with thee)  
 Thy Hand did blesse the *English* Historic,  
 Or else (God knowes) it had beene as a Pray  
 To brutish Barbarisme vntill this Day.  
 Yet makes the Readers which the same peruse  
 At her vnruely Matters much to muse:  
 For (ah!) that euer any should record  
 And Chronicle the Sedges of a Lord:  
 Seiges of Townes, or Castles? No, (alas!)  
 That were too well, but ledges that doe passe  
 Into the Draught, which none can well yurday  
 Without he turne his face another way.  
 Yet where that is, I may not well disclose:  
 But you may finde it, follow but your Nose.  
 As also when the Weather-cock of *Pbales*  
 Amended was, this *Chronicler* enroles.  
 And O (alas!) that ere I was created  
 Of Raggs, to be thus rudely lacerated:  
 With such most ragged wilde, and childish Stuffe  
 As might put plainest *Patience* in a Ruffe.

For,



## *Papers Complaint.*

17

For, this saies one: There was, on such a day,  
A disputation (that's a Grammer fray)  
Betweene *Pauls* Schollers, and Saint *Antonies*,  
Saint *Bartholmewes* among; and, the best *Prize*  
A *Pen* was of five shillings price; Alas!  
That ere this Doteherd made me such an Ass  
To beare such Trash; and that in such a Thing  
Which we call *Chronicle*: so, on me bring  
A world of shame: a shame vpon them all  
That make mine iniuries Historicall  
To weare out Time, that, euer (without end)  
My shame may last, without some one it mend.  
And then, like an *Historian* for the nonce,  
He tells how two Knights here were feasted once,  
At *Mounfier Doyfels* lodging (mong the rest)  
With a whole powdred *Palfray* (at the least)  
That rosted was: so hee (without remorse)  
Tels vs a Tale but of a rosted Horse.  
Good God! who can endure, but silly I,  
To beare the burden of such Trumpery,  
As, could I blush, my face no inke would beare:  
For blushing Flames would burne it comming there:  
But, *Fathoreports*, ther's one (forth comming yet)  
That's comming forth with *Mares* of better *Sev*

C

And

*Papers Complaint.*

And of this *Nature*; Who both can, and will  
 With descant, more in tune, me fairely fill.  
 And if a sencelesse creature ( as I am ;  
 And, so am made, by those whom thus I blame )  
 May iudgement giue, from those that know it well,  
 His Notes for *Art* and iudgement doe excell.  
 Well fare thee man of *Art*, and World of wit,  
 That by supreamest Mercy liuest yet :  
 Yet, dost but liue ; yet, liu'st thou to the end :  
 But so thou paist for Time, which thou dost spend,  
 That the deare Treasure of thy precious Skills  
 The World with *pleasure*, and with *profit* fills.  
 Thy long-winged, actiue, and ingenious *Spright*  
 Is euer *Towering* to the highest height.  
 Of *Wit*, and *Art* ; to beautifie my face :  
 So, deerey gracest life, for lifes deare *Grace*.

Another in the *Chronicle* as great  
 As some old Church-book (that would make one sweat  
 To turne it twice) at large (good man) doth shew  
 How his good Wife, good Beere, and Ale doth brew.  
 With which ( lest Readers soulely might mistake )  
 He many Leaues, in *Folie*, vp doth take,  
 To make them brew good Beere, and Ale as well  
 As his good wife, and all the *Art* doth tell.

## Papers Complaint.

15

So, for a booke of Cookery one would take  
That Chronicle that shewes to brew and bake.  
Heere is strong Stuffe, a Chronicle to line;  
Wort varnish will; then doth the Story shine:  
Wherein *Historians* still may see the face  
Of *Wit*, and *Art*, their Histories to grace.

I must endure all this: but God forgiue them;  
I can no more commend them then beleue them.  
I scarce would venture Mault, a Pennies price;  
To try the vertue of this *Stories* vice:  
For, as it marr'd the Chronicle before,  
So might it marre the mault, what euer more.  
With rancke Redundance being thus opprest,  
I (as for speaking nought) to death am prest.

But now (ah now) ensues a pinching pang,  
A villaine vile, that sure in hell doth hang  
Hight *Mach-euill*, that euill none can match,  
Daub'd me with deu'llish Precepts soules to catch,  
And made me so (poore silly Innocent)  
Of good soules wracke, the cursed instrument.  
Now not a Groome (whose wits erst soard no higher  
Than how to pile the Logs on his Lords fire)  
But plaies the *Machiavillian* (with a pox)  
And, in a Sheepe-skin clad, the Wolfe or Fox.



I could haere speake what hauock still is made  
 Of my faire Reames which quarrells ouer-lade  
 In right *Religious* cause, as all pretend,  
 Though nere so wrongly some her *right* defend.  
 What neuer ending Strife they make me stirre:  
 For, I am made the Trumpet of their warre.

I pell-mell put together by the cares  
 All *Nations* that the Earth turmoiled beares;  
 While wounded Consciences in such conflicts,  
 Damnations terror euermore afflicts  
 In desperate doubts, with Winds of Doctrine tost,  
 Still likely in *Faiths* Ship wracke to be lost:  
 While learned *Pilots* struge which Course is best,  
 Gods tempest-beaten *Ark* can take no rest,  
 But vp and downe on *Discords* Billows borne  
 In dismall plight, and fares as quite forlorne.  
 But thou sweet *Concords* cause, who with thy hand  
 Dost rime the *Deeper*, and highest winds command,  
 Looke downe from thine eternall Seat (*secure*)  
 Vpon thy *Church* Storme-tossed every houre;  
 And factious men inspire with better grace  
 Than with defence of *Sects* to *staine* my face.

But wretched I (vnhappy that I am)  
 None, no not one, a Pistle now can frame,

T'addresse

## Papers Complaint.

87

T'addresse their Workes to any Personage,  
But they (ay me) must craue their Patronage,  
To be protected from the bitter blow  
Of Momus, Zoilus, and I wot not who.  
O Momus, Momus, Zoilus, Zoilus, yee  
In these Epistles too much pester me:  
For, vnder Lords wings Metaphoricall  
All Authors creepe, a shame vpon them all.  
And men you haue alas so much bewitcht  
That with your Names (like Needles) must be sticht:  
All dedicating Pistles in my sheetes:  
For, first of all with you the Reader meets.  
And now that fashion is so stale become,  
That he in hate, crosse-wounds me with his Thumbe,  
And ready is to teare my tender sides  
To make me Scauenger for their Back-sides.  
Good gentle Writers for the Lord sake, for the Lord sake,  
Like Ludgate Prisoner, lo, I (begging) make  
My moneto you; O listen to my mone,  
Let Zoile and Momus (for Gods loue) alone;  
Meddle not with them, Momus a byting beast,  
And men for his name sake your Bookes detest,  
And makes me shake for feare left in a rage  
They should enforce me weare their Buttocks badge.

Leau off, leau off your *Tokens of good will*;  
 The *Poesies* of old *Rings* new *Pistles* spill.  
 Away with *Patronage*, a plague vpon't,  
 That hideous word is worse than *Termagant*.  
 Call for no aid where none is to be found;  
*Protect my Booke*: such *Bookes* O *fates* confound.  
 To shew my gratefull minde: That's stinking stale;  
 Yet in new *Pistles* such geare's set to sale.  
 The poore mans present to the *Emperor*;  
 O that in *Pistles* keepe a stinking sturre.  
 And not the *Guift*, but giuers poore good will:  
 This, this, (O this) my vexed Soule doth kill!  
 This is a *Pill* (in deed) to giue more stooles  
 Than Mouthes will fill of forty such fine-fooles.  
 This heauy Sentence which I oft sustaine,  
 Makes me to grone, it puts me to such paine.  
 Therefore I pray such Writers, write no more;  
 Or if you doe, write better than before.  
 Doth *Nature* new Heads bring forth eu'ry day?  
 And can those new heads no new Wit bewray?  
 Vnhappy *Nature* or vnhappy Heads,  
 Its time for one or both to take your Beads.  
 The World and most mens Wits are at an end,  
 Pray for increase of faith, then Wit will mend:



For sure the cause why men too foolish are,  
 They faint in search of Wisdome through despaire.  
 Hath *Aristotle* left his wit behinde;  
 To helpe those Wits that seeke, yet cannot finde?  
 Hath *Socrates* and *Plato* broke the ice  
 To many a Skill and most diuine Deuice?  
 And cannot *After-commers* too'r amine?  
 And with those Helps not equall Skill atchieue?  
 Did they (poore Men) out of meere Industry  
 Attaine to so great singularity,  
 Having no Ground, or if Ground had but little  
 Whereon their lofty buildings sure to settle:  
 And can no Worke-man of this haplesse Time,  
 Adde no Stone to it, nor no Dabbe of Lym?  
 I wrong them now, that *Word* I countermand;  
 They adde much Lym, but neither stone, nor sand.  
 And that's the cause (as some good *Authors* say)  
 Their Workes, with *Winde* and *Raine* do dance the Hay;  
 For, they fall downe-right; but the *Raine* and *Winde*  
 Makes them runne in and out as they're inclin'd:  
 And could the weather speake, it would commend  
 Such toward workes as towards it doe bend;  
 And praise (beyond the *Moone*) their muddy Braine  
 That build with mudd to sport the wind and raine.

*Plato*

Plato and Socrates (the Mason free)   
 With Stone and Lime built too substantially.   
 And Aristotle (like a musing foole)   
 Would lay no stone without good Reasons rule;   
 What boot such BUILDINGS to weare Ages out?   
 A goodly peece of Worke it is no doubt:   
 Ifaith, ifaith, their Wits were much misled,   
 To build for others now themselves are dead.   
 The wind may now goe whistle while it will,   
 These waightry workes for all that stand doe still.   
 The Raine, by looking Showres, may fall aaine;   
 Yet sure they stand for all such Showres of raine.   
 Yea, let all Weathers ioynetheir force in one,   
 They all vnable are to stirre one stone.   
 A mischief on the Fooles, what did they meane,   
 To waste their Braines and make their Bodies leane,   
 To profit others which they neuer knew,   
 And build for Sots which after should ensue:   
 Who gaze vpon it with great admiration,   
 But dare not stirre a toe from the foundation.   
 Ye neede not feare to climb, the worke is fute,   
 Else could it not for many Ages dure.   
 And if a Flaw be found, through Builders blame,   
 Now another wit (some say) can mend the same.   
 And

And see ye haue such steadfast footing there,  
 And yet will sink through sloath or faint through feare,  
 O Heav'ns increase your faith, and make it strong;  
 For ye, through weakenesse, doe your wisdomes wrong.  
 The Soule of Man is like that *Pierre Divine*  
 That in himselfe all wisdom doth containe:  
 Which *Simily* in *Wisdomes* facultie  
 Doth hold, or else there is no *Simily*.  
 Mans Reason (if stir'd vp) can mount as high  
 As Soules themselves, and they to heaven can flye,  
 And from thence view what that *Circumference*  
 Doth circumscribe, if subiect vnto sence.  
*Homer* (though blinde) yet saw with his Soules eye,  
 The Secret hid in deepest Philosophie;  
 In State-affaires, and in the highest *Designes*;  
 All which he measures with immortall *Lines*;  
 Whereat we rather euer doe admire  
 Than feeble least seruour of his diuine fire.  
 What *Country*, *Marches*, *Navy*; nay, what *Host*  
 Yea what *Mindes-motions* (both of man, and Ghost)  
 Are by Him, so exprest, that he (we wot)  
 Makes vs to see that he himselfe saw not:  
 His *Illiads* describes the Bodies worth;  
 The *Minde*, his *Odyssa* setteth forth.

Which

D

For



For which seau'n Citties stroue, when he was gone,  
Which of them all should hold him as their owne.

Then gentle Writers, be not so imploid  
In writing euerlastingly, ( vncloid )  
And let your reason idle be the while,  
Let Reason worke, and spare your Writings toile,  
Till by degrees, she lifted hath your Spright  
Vnto the top of *Humane-Wisdomes* height.  
And when ye haue aspir'd aboue your *Sires*  
Then write a Gods-name, fill my *Reames* and *Quines*,  
And with huge Volumes build a *Babel-Towre*  
As high as Heau'n ( that shall the Heau'ns out-dure )  
For your *Sonnes* *Sonnes* to climbe; if so they please,  
From *Errors Flouds* and *Perturbations* Seas  
And flatter not, ( alas ) O flatter not  
Your selues as wise; for, you are wide ( God wot. )  
And though ye knew what *Aristotle* holds,  
Thinke not, therefore, your Braine all truth infolds:  
For, there are Truths ( beside the *Truth* of *Truth* )  
That ne're came neere his Braine, much lesse his mouth.  
All which ( when *Powrs* of the *Intelligence*,  
In their pursuit vse all their violence )  
May well be apprehended, though blacke Clouds  
Of ytter-darkenesse their abiding shrouds:

Which cannot be when Bounds are set to *Will*  
 In *Plato* his *Phaedra*, toucht not yet:  
 Or *Aristotles* vtmost trauels reach,  
 Whose *Muse* made, through the *Marble Heav'n* a breach  
 And past th' *inferiour Orbes*, vntill he came  
 Vnto the highest *Spheare* of that huge *Frame*  
 That whoorles the lower with repugnant sway,  
 Yet had not power his mounting *Muse* to stay;  
 But it would pry into th' *imperiall PLACE*,  
 Where *Glory* sits enthron'd in greatest grace.  
 Yet these be not true *Wisdomes* Bounds, whose scope,  
 Doe farre extend aboue the *Heau'nly Cope*;  
 And more profound than the *infernall Deepe*,  
*Heauen earth*, and *Hell*, her *Greatnesse* cannot keepe:  
 And though such *Wisdome* properly with *God*,  
 And not with mortall men doth make abode,  
 Yet he imparts of his vnbounded *grace*  
 So much as may *Heau'n*, *Earth*, and *Hell* imbrace  
 With *Contemplations* *Armes*, that all infold  
 Whose vncomprised reach no *limits* hold:  
 But if, through sloath, those *Armes* be not extended,  
 In *Earths* *Circumference* then, their *Circuit's* ended.

Now, you that seeke by *wisdome* to aspire,  
 With *study*, impe the wings of your *Desire*,

Which cannot be thought of  
Although your heart be closed with sin  
So may ye grace me with small love  
Then compassion, and gaze the deepst Designs

And pass th' intricate  
Ynto the highest sphere of that huge Firm  
Yet had not power his morning in the day  
But it would pay into th' imperial P. A. C. E.  
Where Glory his entrance in great grace  
Yet these be not the way down bound, whose scope  
Doth late extend about the heavenly Cope;  
And more profound than the infernal Deep  
Heaven's earth, and Hell her Graves, we cannot keep;  
And though such will some properly with God,  
And nor with mortal men does make abode,  
Yet he imparts of his vnderstanded grace  
So much as may I see, Earth, and Hell embrace  
With Contemplation Armes, that all unfold  
Whole uncompassed, and no limit hold  
But if through fleshly hole Armes be not extended  
In Earths Circumference then, their Circuit's ended  
Now, you that look by will, and not by sight  
With hands, impede the wings of your flight

And D. 2.



**A**  
**CONTINVED**  
**INQUISITION**

*against Paper-Persecutors.*

*By A.H.*

**N**d shall it still be so? norist more hard  
**T**o repaire *Pauls* than to mend *Pauls-Churchyard*?  
Shall still the Youths that walke the *Middle-We*,  
To whet their stomacks before meales, compile  
Their sudden volumes, and be neuer barr'd  
From scattering their Bastards through the Yard?  
Shall still such topperie fill vp each Stall,  
And neuer come to a due Funerall?  
In so conuenient a place? It is no wonder  
That *Pauls* so often hath bene stricke with Thunder:  
Twas aimed at these Shops, in which there lie  
Such a confused World of Frumpery,  
Whose Titles each Terme on the Posts are reard,  
In such abundance, it is to be fear'd

**A**

**That**

# A continued Inquisition

That they in some, if not they be on, will  
 Not only *Little* but *Great Britaine* fill  
 With their infectious Swarmes; whose guilty sheetes,  
 I have obserued walking in the streets:

Still lurking neere some Church, as if hereby

They had retired to a Sanctuarie,

For murdering Paper so: as in old time

Persons that had committed some foule crime

Thus sau'd their liues: Each drueling *Loxel* now

That hath but seene a Colledge, and knows how

To put a number to *Iohn Seton*: *Prose*

Scants vs a sudden *Muse* man and streight throw

A *Purke* of *Epigrams* into the light

Whose undigested milch-mash would affright

The very Ghost of *Martiall* and make

Th' Authors of th' *Anthologie* to quake

Others dare venter a diuiner straine,

And \* *Rime* the *Bible* whose foule *Ecc* profane

That holy ground that wise men may decide

The *Bible* ne're was more *Apocryphide*

Than by their bold Excursions: (*Bartas*, thee,

And thy Translatours, *Labolue* thee free

From this my imputation: who in lines,

(Deseruing to be studied by *Divines*)

A

Didst

A *Bible* re-  
 -ued in a *petit*  
 volume like the  
*Bible of Troy*.

Didst maske thy Sacred Fable, whose rare wit,  
Did make the same another Holy Writ,  
Who, be it spoken to thy lasting praise,  
Gau'st Sunday reyment to the Working Dayes.

Others that ne're search'd new borne Vice at all,  
But the *seven deadly Sinnes* in generall, (Frier,  
Drawne from the Tractate of some cloyster'd  
Will needs write Satyrs, and in raging fire  
Exasperate their sharpe Posticke straine, (Spaine,  
And thinke they haue toucht it, if they rail at  
The Pope and Deuill; and while thus they vrge  
Their stinglesse gall, there's none deserue the scourge  
More than themselves, whose weaknesse might suffice  
To furnish Satyres and poore Elegies.

To runne through all the Pamphlets and the Toyes  
Which I haue seene in hands of Victoring Boyes,  
To raile at all the merrie *Wherrie-Bookes*,  
Which I haue found in Kitchen-cobweb-nookes:  
To reckon vp the verie Titles, which  
Doe please new Prentices, the Maids, and rich  
Wealth-wittr'd Loobies, would require a Masse  
And Volume, bigger than would load an Asse:  
Nor ist their fault alone, they wisely poyle,  
How the blinde world doth onely like such Toyes.



A generall Folly reigneth, and harsh Fate  
 Hath made the World it selfe inflame:  
 It hugges these Monsters and deformed things,  
 Better than what *Iohann* or *Drayton* sing:  
 As in North Villages where every line  
 Of *Plumpton Parke* is held a worke divine:  
 If o're the Chymney they some Ballads haue  
 Of *Cherry-Chafe*, or of some branded slave  
 Hang'd at *Tyborne*, they their *Maryns* make it,  
 And *Vespers* too, and for the Bible take it.  
 If a Choise-Piece should come into their hand,  
 T'would be as hatefull as a yellow band,  
 Was it the first, so if upon the Wall  
 They see an Antiquitie in base Postures fall:  
 As, a Friar blowing wind into the taile  
 Of a Baboon, or an Ape drinking Ale,  
 They admire that, when to their view it haps  
 If yee should let one of *Marcellus* Maps  
 Or a rare Piece of *Albert Durer*, they  
 Would hardly sticke to throw the roye away,  
 And curse the borching Painter; see alas  
 The doring world is come vnto this passe,  
 England is all turn'd *Yorkshire*, and the Age  
 Extremely foolish, or too nicely fast.

*against Popes Persecutions.*

To passe a thousand other, doe but looke  
Of late how they abus'd the Noble \* Duke.  
What steeld patience could behold these Dawes  
Præuaricate the *Muses* sacred Lawes,  
And blabber forth His Funerall, in Rimes,  
I needs must say, much like these wretched Times?  
To heare the nolesse Ballad woman raise  
Her snuffling throat to His ill-penned praise:  
Or the oft beaten fellow make his mono,  
Who in the streets is wont to reade *Pope* *leaves*:  
To see each Wall and publike Post defil'd  
With diuers deadly *Elegies*, compil'd  
By a foule swarme of *Cuckoos* of our Times,  
In Lamentable Lachrymentall Rimes:  
By this I hope, y'haue wrongd him what you can,  
By those abortiue Broods of Barbican,  
And such like *Magazines* of wofull things  
Such as I nor the sober *Poet* sings  
Haue you yet not to soile His spotlesse life  
Ended those begging Chatrells to His \* Wife?  
Who, could she but haue rais'd her wofull Eies  
Had thought them *Libells* and not *Elegies*.  
And yee who with more secrecie did write  
Lines which your thought too precious for the light.

By

A. 3.

In

*Continued Justification*

In reserv'd Manuscripts, for shame give o're  
Your hard-strain'd numbers, and disperse no more  
Your heavy Rimes, which seeme by quicker Eie  
Would make one quite abiure all Poetrie,  
And studie *Stow* and *Hollinshead*, and make  
Tractates of Trauels, or an Almanack:  
But sure the names were falsified, nor can  
I thinke a Schollar or a Gentleman,  
Would doe *His Memorie* so foule abuse:  
Sure t'was some Ballad-broker did traduce  
Their Fame, or th'one-legged varlet who doth sing  
His roaring Non-sence, to a triuall Ring  
Of Prentices, about some arrant sent,  
Or Boies, who, then leaue lacke a Lent  
To heare the noise, or women who stand there,  
And at *O-Hone* ring forth a readie tear.  
Touching the State, Ambassadors or Kings,  
My Satyre shall not touch such sacred things:  
Nor list I purchase penance at that rate,  
As some Spoile-Papers haue decreely done of late.  
And such as these, whose names are iustly spread  
Vnto their shame, are to be pittied,  
Rather than blam'd; But to behold the wals  
Butter'd with weckely Newes compos'd in Pauls,

A

By



against Paper-Persecutors.

7

By some Decaied Captaine, or those Rooks,  
Whose hungry braines compile prodigious Books,  
Of Bethlem Gabors preparations, and  
How termes betwixt him and th'Emperor stand:  
Of Denmarke, Swede, Poland, and of this and that,  
Their Wars, Iars, Stirs, and Iwote not what:  
The Duke of Brunswicke, Mansfield, and Prince Maurice,  
Their Expeditions, and what else but true is;  
Yea of the Belgique state, yet scarcely know,  
Whether Brabant be in Christendome or no:  
To see such Batter euerie weeke besmeare  
Each publike post, and Church dore, and to heare  
These shamefull lies, would make a man in spight  
Of Nature, turne Satyrift, and write  
Reuenging lines, against these shamelesse men,  
Who thus torment both Paper, Presse, and Pen.

Th'Impostors that these Trumperies doe vtter,  
Are, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and ( ---- )  
Who if they doe not soone these matters mend,  
I'll shortly into th' world, a Satyre lend,  
Who shall Them lash with dicierie rods of Steele,  
That euer after They my ierks may fee.

*Mysteria mea mihi.*